

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey* Were factious, for the House of *Launcester*; And *Rivers*, so were you: Was not your Husband, In *Margarets* Battaille, at *Saint Albons*, slaine? Let me put in your mindes, if you forget What you haue beene ere this, and what you are: Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

Q. M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*, I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne, And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mew'd vp: I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*, Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine: I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Rich. My Lord of *Gloster*: in those busie dayes, Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies, We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King, So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler: Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Q. M. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enioy, were you this Countries King, As little ioy you may suppose in me, That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof, For I am free, and altogether ioylesse: I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out, In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me: Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me? If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects; Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.

Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (sight?)

Rich. Foule wrinkled Witch, what mak'st thou in my

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,

That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

Q. M. I was; but I doe find more paine in banishment,

Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.

A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,

And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance:

This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,

And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,

When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,

And with thy scornes drew'st *Rivers* from his eyes,

And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt,

Steept in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Rutland*:

His Curfes then, from bitterness of Soule,

Denounc'd against thee, are all false vpon thee:

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. M. So iust is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,

And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.

Rich. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turne you all your hatred now on me?

Did *Yorkes* dread Curse preuaile so much with Heauen,

That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment, Should all but answer for that peeuisht Brat? Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen? Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curfes. Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King, As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales, For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales, Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence. Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,

Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched selfe: Long may'st thou lue, to wayle thy Childrens death, And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine, Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death, And after many lengthned howres of griefe,

Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene. *Rivers* and *Dorset*, you were standers by,

And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may lue his naturall age, But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Haue done thy Charme, & hateful wither'd Haggs: *Q. M.* And leaue our thee? stay Dog, for 'thalt heare me.

If Heauen haue any grievous plague in store, Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee,

O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe, And then hurle downe their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace, The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,

Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st, And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:

No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine, Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.

Thou eluisth mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge, Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie

The slaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell: Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,

Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes, Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested--

Rich. *Margaret*,

Q. M. *Richard*.

Rich. Ha.

Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee merie then: for I did thinke, That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names,

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply, Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

Q. M. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your selfe.

Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune, Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,

Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about? Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me, To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse, Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Ri. Were you well seru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To serue me well, you all should do me duty, Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:

O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert, Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

Enter *Catesby*.

Cates. Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you, And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord. *Q. M.* *Catesby* I comie, Lords will you go with mee. *Rich.* We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt all but *Gloster*.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle. The secret Mischteefes that I set abroad, I lay vnto the greuous charge of others. *Clarence*, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse, I do beweepe to many simple Gullies, Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*, And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies, That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother, Now they beleene it, and withall whet me To be reueng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Grey*. But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture, Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill: And thus I cloath my naked Villanie With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ, And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners, How now my hardy stout resolu'd Mates, Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant, That we may be admitted where he is.

Rich. Well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me: When you haue done, repayre to *Croby* place;

But first be sodaine in the execution, Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;

For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhappes May moue your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate, Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd:

We go to vse our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:

I like you Lads, about your businesse straight. Go, go, dispatch.

Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Clarence* and *Keeper*.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace so heavily to day.

Cl. O, I haue past a miserable night, So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights,

That as I am a Christian faithfull man, I would not spend another such a night

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies: So full of dismall terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me

Cl. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,

And in my company my Brother *Glouster*, Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,

Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England, And cited vp a thousand heavy times,